He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe.
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace.
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe;but let me tell the world,
If he out liue the enuy of this day
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Cooſin I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies:neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a ſouldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my curteſie.
Arme,arme with ſpeede,& fellows,ſouldiers,friends,
Better conſider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can lift your bloud vp with perſwaſion *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O,Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely,were too long.
If life did ride vpon a dialles point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kinges,
If die,braue death, when Princes die with vs.
Now for our conſciences,the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iuſt. *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace,
Hot. I thenke him,that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking,onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt:and here draw I a ſword,
VVhoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
VVith the beſt blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now eſperance Percy,and ſet on,
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of war,
And by that muſicke let vs all embrace,

For heauen to earth,ſome of v
A ſecond time do ſuch a curteſ
Here they embrace,the trum
power,alarme to the batt
ter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name,th
What honour doſt thou ſeeke
Doug. Know then,my name
And I do haunt thee in the ba
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Staffor
Thy likenes,for in ſtead of th
This ſword hath ended him,ſ
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as my
Blunt. I was not borne a yee
And thou ſhalt find a king th
Lord Staffords death.
They fight,Dowglas kils Bl
Hot. O Dowglas,hadſt tho
I neuer had triumpht ouer a S
Doug. Als done,als woon,h
Hot. Where?
Hot. This,Douglas? no,I kn
A gallant knight he was,his na
Semblably furniſht like the ki
Doug. Ah foole,goe with th
A borrowed title haſt thou bo
Why didſt thou tell me,that t
Hot. The king hath many n
Doug. Now by my ſword,I
Ile murther all his wardrope,
Vntill I meete the king.
Our ſouldiers ſtand full fairely
Alarme,Enter
Fal. Though I could ſcape ſ
ſhot here,her's no ſcoring but
ſir Walter Blunt,ther's honor